

LOWER SANDUSKY FREEMAN.

VOLUME I.

LOWER SANDUSKY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

NUMBER 29.

The Lower Sandusky Freeman.

TERMS.

Payments advance..... \$1.50
Do. within the year..... 2.00
Do. after the expiration of the year..... 2.50
A failure to notify us of a desire to discontinue, is understood as wishing to continue the subscription, and the paper will be sent accordingly, but all orders to discontinue, when arrears are paid, will be faithfully attended to.

Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and order their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places, without informing the publisher, and the papers sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
How to stop a paper.—First see that you have paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notify the postmaster of your desire, and ask him to notify the publisher under his frank, [as he is authorized to do] of you wish to discontinue.

Business Directory.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Fort Stevenson Division, No. 432.—Stated meetings, every Tuesday evening at the Division Rooms in the old Northern Exchange.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

Fort Stevenson Section, No. 102.—meets every Thursday evening in the Hall of the Sons of Temperance.

I. O. O. F.

Croghan Lodge, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fellows Hall, in Morehouse's building, every Saturday evening.

1849.] C. R. McCULLOCH. [1849.

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.

Lower Sandusky, Ohio.

RALPH P. BUCKLAND,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties.

Office—Second story of Tyler's Block.

JOHN L. GREENE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND PROSECUTING ATTORNEY for Sandusky county, Ohio, will attend to all professional business entrusted to his care, with promptness and fidelity.

Office at the Court House.

CHESTER EDGERTON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Office—At the Court House.

Lower Sandusky, O. No. 1.

Fox & Beaupre,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS:

RESPECTFULLY TENDER their professional services to the citizens of Lower Sandusky and vicinity.

Office—One door south of McCulloch's Drug store.

LA Q. RAWSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

LOWER SANDUSKY OHIO.

May 26, 1849. 14

Millinery and Dressmaking.

MISS L. E. LENON,

WOULD inform the Ladies of Lower Sandusky, and vicinity, that she is prepared to do work in the neatest manner and in the fashion of the day.

RESIDENCE, nearly opposite the Methodist Church.

May 26, '49. 14:3m.

PORTAGE COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.

LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Wanted at this Office,

10 CORDS good Hickory and Ash wood. To those who have promised us Wood we say, we want it now. Freeman Office, L. Sandusky, May 26.

Post-Office Hours.

THE regular Post-Office hours, until further notice, will be as follows:—

From 7 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

Sundays from 8 to 9 A. M. and from 4 to 5 P. M.

W. M. STARK, P. M.

BELL & SHEETS,

Physicians and Surgeons,

LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

OFFICE—Second story of Knapp's Building.

July 7, 1849. 21

B. J. BARTLETT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO,

WILL give his undivided attention to professional business in Sandusky and the adjoining counties.

Lower Sandusky, Feb. 27, '49.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

DRS. SHEETS & BELL,

HAVING entered into a partnership in the Drug Store owned by Dr. Sheets, in Tyler's Building, where they now offer a full assortment of

Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Oils, Paints, and a great variety of fancy articles, such as cologne, hair oil, indelible ink, pen-knives, combs, brushes of all kinds, with a full assortment of

PATENT MEDICINES,

for every disease that afflicts mankind; which we offer at very low prices for Cash, Boeswax, Ginseng, Sassafras Bark from the root and Paper Rags. Low Prices, and

Ready Pay in something,

is our motto forever.

SHEETS & BELL,

Lower Sandusky July 14, 1849. 21

TOLEDO HOUSE,

LOWER SANDUSKY, OHIO.

ESTER VANDERCOOK respectfully announces

that he has taken the above well known stand in Lower Sandusky, and has thoroughly refitted and furnished it with all the new furniture, carpets, &c. &c. necessary, and now solicits the attention and patronage of his friends and the public at large.

HIS TABLE.

Will always be liberally supplied with the best market affords, as he enjoys the best facilities for obtaining both substantial and luxuries. House, barns, and yards are situated and commodious, and he relies with certainty upon a very liberal share of public patronage.

Lower Sandusky, April 14, '49.

Poetry.

For the Freeman.

TO MISS M. H.

Those eyes of blue, those eyes of blue,
They speak a heart that's warm and true;
And temper sweet and language too,
Oh! how I love those eyes of blue.

Those cherry lips, they look so sweet,
Like something nice that's good to eat;
Or, like rose-buds tipped with dew,
They match so sweet those eyes of blue.

A handsome form with matchless grace,
Elastic step, angelic face;
With pretty hair and forehead high,
That shows so well that sweet blue eyes.

The lovely cheek must have its share,
Rose and lily are blended there;
Those colors form so fine a hue,
That suits so well those eyes of blue.

Now Dear MARIA, believe me true,
I'll love ever only you;
Happy I'd be, if thou wert nigh,
To gaze upon that sweet blue eye.

Will you, dearest, but name the time,
When I may call you only mine;
And let the days be very few,
Till I shall claim those eyes of blue.

September, 1849. DANIEL.

Miscellaneous.

From the Olive Branch.

The Father and Daughter.

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
Which less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a dutiful daughter's head."

[Lady of the Lake.]

When Ellen Douglas' skill landed in the bay

where her father awaited her, and when the hero

pressed his darling to his breast, such were the

tears which steeped her tresses. In these lines

Scott has embalmed the Douglas' love for his daughter,

and has given us a picture radiant with beauty,

of that holiest of all feelings, the love between parent

and child.

Now the days of chivalry and romantic adventure

are passed. No powerful king in disguise follows

the deer through our woods. No lovely maiden

fairer than 'Nymph, Naid, Grace,' guides her

light skiff across the lake, nor brings to her feet the

royal lover. The proud chieftain Rhoderick Dhu,

no longer grapples in fierce jealousy with his equi-

valent, and his victor in love, the youthful Mal-

come Greene. Nor may we hear the plaintive notes

of old Allan's harp, or see the venerable form of

the old harper, standing by the margin of the lake.

These are to us, (thanks to the immortal bard!) bright,

glowing images of beauty, of love, of chivalry,

which our imagination clothes with reality, and

which we make a part of our soul's picture gallery.

But only as we enter this gallery, which we have

furnished with the masterpieces of Shakespeare and of

Scott, can our love for the wild romance of the

days of chivalry be gratified.

This is true in regard to the outward circumstan-

ces of life, in this age and country. Lowering

castles, overlooking vine-clad fields—knights in

complete armor, ready to risk life and limb for one

bright glance of their lady's eye, tilts and tourna-

ments, these belong not to our age or land, nor do

we need them. There is a chivalry which needs

no clashing of spears. There is a romance, a hero-

ism, which has not passed away with the days of

knighthood. It is the romance of the heart, the

heroism of the affections, higher and nobler far than

that of outward words and deeds. This heroism

belongs to our age, for it is not a fleeting, evanes-

cent principle, crumbling to ruin, beneath the touch

of time. Lasting as the human race, enduring as

its affections, it will only cease when the heart of

humanity ceases to beat, and its pulse forgets to

throb.

The noblest instance of this heroism is the unself-

ish love which binds a father to a child. We

need not search the 'Lady of the Lake,' for a hero

or a heroine, in this drama. Daily life will afford us

numerous instances of what we seek. Close at hand

in that cottage by the road-side, in that narrow room,

in one of our city's narrowest lanes, we may find

many an Ellen, ready to sacrifice the best years of

life, the brightest hopes of youth, for an aged or in-

firm parent. 'Toiling and sorrowing, onward thro'

life they go,' but yet rejoicing that youth and

health still continue to them that vigor, without

which the loved object of their cares must suffer

from want.

Where shall we turn, where look, without find-

ing instances of a father's love? In the workshop

of the mechanic, in the store of the tradesman, in

the clergyman's study, in the lawyer's office, we may

find it never varying, never failing, but, like

God's sunshine, pervading the heart of every man

whom a little child calls 'father.' Ambition is strong

—it has tempted many into ruin. Avarice is strong

—it has wrecked the happiness of many a soul.

But love—a Father's love, more mighty than the

love of fame, or gold, who shall measure the strength

of its hands? Who shall fathom its wondrous

depths?

How TO TEACH CHILDREN.—The following, from

a speech of Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston

accords precisely with our notions of what constitutes

the true mode of teaching the young:

"If you find an error in the child's mind, follow

it up till he is rid of it. If a word is spelled

wrong, be sure that the class is right before it is

dismissed. Repeat, and fix attention on the exact

error, till it can never be committed again. One

clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty

ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison with

the object. Give the child full possession of one

clear, distinct truth and it becomes to him a centre

of light. In all your teaching—no matter what

it takes—never leave your pupil till you

know he has in his mind your exact thought."

We understand that C. Taylor, jr., son of

Christopher Taylor, formerly of this county, has just

returned from California, with \$20,000 in gold! Mr. T.

emigrated to Oregon before the California excitement

began, and was not so far off as some of our adventurers

when the fame of the 'diggings' first went forth. Mr.

Taylor now resides at Hagerstown, Ind.—[Dayton Jour.

A Mother's Influence.

The details of the following narrative, are facts given almost in the words of a young man who was the subject thereof, and it conveys a lesson fraught with much instruction, especially to those mothers whose influence is so favorable to the cause of total abstinence:

"I am," said J. B., 'twenty-three years of age, and in me you see the miserable wreck of a man, whose evil destiny was caused by a mother's ill-directed influence, and mistaken views of etiquette; nay, she was the blind slave of a pernicious fashion. When I was 18 years of age, I was a young man of promise; my education was liberal, and my advantages had not been neglected. I was a close and attentive student. I had entered—College to complete my studies, which were pursued with special reference to the ministry. At the age of sixteen I joined the 'Young Men's Total Abstinence Society,' which had recently been formed in the town of my residence; and for three years, I scrupulously observed its pledge. In my nineteenth year, during the summer recess, I visited the place of my nativity, and high and cheering were my anticipated joys, as I neared the home of my boyhood. But how deeply were those hopes blasted. I was welcomed home with every demonstration of affection, and for a few days my happiness was unbroken. I visited old friends, and old scenes, and old walks. I strolled through the woods in which my boyish feet had often wandered. I sat once again in the old school house, and looked with almost reverence upon the village church, but my bliss was of short duration. I found that wine was almost everywhere proffered to friends, and I always refused the offered glass, till in a moment of evil, my mother pressed me to throw away my foolish scruples, and to drink wine with my youthful friends; nay, my mother's hand filled and presented me with the first glass of any intoxicating drink. Now look at me! look at me! Twenty-three years old, and all my prospects blasted—my education thrown away, my manhood dishonored, and me, a miserable wreck; a poor drunken sot. Yes, I am a drunkard, and my mother made me what I am. My mother! yes, she caused me to break my pledge—she urged me to drink—she made me what I am, a poor miserable drunkard. Had she not put the wine glass to my lips; had she not banded me with her jokes, and rallied me with her sarcasms, I should now have been a sober, respectable and useful man."

Mother! where is your influence, and what direction is it taking? Sister, are you pledged to discontinue all the causes and practices of intemperance? Mothers—Sisters, shall your sons, your brothers die the drunkard's death, and in the last great day charge their destruction to your account? Great are your responsibilities, for great indeed is your influence for good or evil.—Diadem.

THE LOVERS.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

Night, black as bony, had spread her sable mantle o'er the earth. The piercing winds howled and whistled—and whistled and howled. The rain poured in torrents, from clouds black as night itself, save when the chains of burning fire shot through the pitch blackness, then disappearing, leaving the night if possible, more awfully gloomy. Thunder—peal on peal—ever and anon shook the firmament from river to river—from sea to sea—from ocean to ocean, and from pole to pole.

O, horrid scene!

CHAPTER II.

The storm had ceased. The howling winds had died away, and gentle zephyrs, laden with the rich perfume of flowers and spices, were filling the air with heavenly odors. Ten thousand frogs, with voices sweeter than the nightingale's were making the meadows resound with the melodious warblings of their little throats. The silvery moon, pure as crystal, looked down upon the sleeping world below. Stars, like new dimes, glittered in the heavens.

O, lovely, lovely sight!

CHAPTER III.

A single light gleamed from the stately mansion of the rich, the aristocratic Richard Stanley. By an open window, leaning on her ivory, sat his only child, Rose. A sigh escaped her—tears were stealing from her heavenly eyes. She is weeping for her absent lover—Louis Radford—her father's bitter enemy. Hours passed on, and still she sighs and weeps.

A dark form is moving stealthily towards the house—it nears the window—it rises. Heavens! 'Tis a man! 'Rose, dearest Rose,' whispered he in a voice, than which an angel's could not be softer. Rose hears the voice.

'Tis his—'tis Louis,' she screams, and springing from the window, is caught in the arms of Louis Radford. He presses his lips to hers—they are as cold as ice. She has fainted. Half frantic he bears her to an arbor close by, and plucking roses, still wet with rain, he bathes her temples. She breathes—she moves—her eyes open.

'Safe with your Louis,' replied a manly voice.—She turns, smiles and blushes. He blushes. Both blush.

CHAPTER IV.

The moon shone brightly, and the stars danced merrily in the serene heavens. Rose carelessly threw back her raven tresses, but she was calm as a summer's morn.

'O, be mine, dearest Rose,' exclaimed Louis, falling on his knees, and clasping her hand in his.—'Never more will we part. If dangers threaten, I will be near to defend thee. Willingly would I shed the last drop of blood to save thy—'

'Listen!' exclaimed Rose, 'I heard a step!' Louis turns and dimly sees an object approaching the shrubbery. It's a man! Horror of horrors! It's old Stanley with a gun on his shoulder! Louis hesitates not a moment, but seizing—his hat, clears the arbor at a single leap! An instant, and the lion-hearted Louis is beyond even gun-shot.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Stanley, whose sudden appearance so frightened our hero, turned out to be an old tame buck, taking his accustomed round among the flowers and shrubs. Rose returned to her room, and—in a few minutes was fast asleep!

THE END.

NEGROES RUNNING AWAY FROM THE BLESSINGS OF SLAVERY.—Eight slaves attempted to cross the Ohio River below Maysville, on the night of the 10th instant, in order to get into Ohio and secure their freedom. There were many of them for the skill, which upset and four were drowned.—The other four clung to the bottom and cried for help, which came to them in the shape of a gentleman who had them all put in jail for their masters. Another slave, who was helping them across, was flogged to the extent of the law—39 lashes.

MORE TROOPS FOR FLORIDA.—In addition to the force already stationed in the peninsula of Florida, the following companies have, we understand, been ordered by the Secretary of War to Florida.

Of the first Artillery, one field officer and four companies—three from the harbor of New York and one from Fort Washington. Of the 2d Artillery, two companies—one from Fort Macon and one from Fort Johnson, North-Carolina. Of the Third Artillery one field officer and four companies—all from Fort Adams, Rhode Island.

After these troops shall have reached Florida, the entire military force collected there for the protection of the inhabitants of the State will amount to thirty two companies or about 1,600 men.—[Balt. American.]

"THE REPUBLIC OF SIERRA MADRE."—The New Orleans Patria asserts positively that the plan of separating from Mexico the States this side of the Sierra Madre, and setting up an independent Republic is still prosecuted with great zeal. Some 3,000 men according to this paper, are to establish themselves along the Southern boundary of Texas, procure arms and ammunition, and, when the right arrives cross the Rio Grande and raise the new standard. The plan is said to be most skillfully arranged, and the leaders are provided with funds. The Patria is of opinion that the Round Island assemblage is really destined for Tampico, and has in relativity nothing to do with the expedition to Cuba.

HEALTH OF "FANNY FORRESTER" AND FAMILY.—A letter from Mrs. J. dated April 10, addressed to her old pastor, at Utica, says:—Mr. J. and the children are quite well. The former, able to preach most of the time twice on the Sabbath, and attend two or three meetings in the week in addition to his other duties. For myself, under the blessing of God, I have again rallied a little, and we hope I am slowly improving; though I suppose the danger (if it be not an incongruity for a Christian to talk of danger in connection with death) is not yet all past. Life, especially in my position, seems to me a desirable thing; but my Heavenly Father knows what is good for both of us and for His cause; and I rejoice to be at His disposal."

The following by W. M. FRAED, is the most happy thing of the kind we ever saw. The name of "Campbell," bright as it is in the constellation of poetic genius, shines brighter still when it can give inspiration like this:

CHARADE.

Come from my first—ah, come!
The battle down the night,
And the screaming tramp and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
With noble soul to day,
Thy task is taught, thy shield is wrought;
So, forward!—and farewell!
Toll ye my Second—toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light,
And sing the hymn of a parted soul
Beneath the silent night.
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast!
Let the prayer be said and the tear be shed,
So—take him to